PSALMES
OR PRAYERS
taken out
of ho=
lye
scripture.

ANNO DOMINI
M.D.XLIIII.

1534

¶ The fyrst psalme.

For the obteinyng remissi-
on of synnes.



LORDE OF lordes, God allmyghty, greatte and dreadefulle, whyche by thy worde haste made heauen, earthe, the sea, and all thynges conteyned in them.

Nothynge is able to resist thy power, thy mercye is ouer all thy workes.

All thynges be vnder thy dominion and rule: both man and beast, and all lyuyng creatures.

Thou arte mercifull, to whome thou wilt: and haste compassion on whom it pleaseth the.

Thy counsaile shall stand for euer: and what so euer thou wilt shall be done.

Power, dominion, and glorie is thine: whiche arte aboue all thynges, and in all thinges, and in vs all.

Thou arte father of mercies, and god of all grace, peace, and comforte: whiche wilte not the death of a synner, nor delitest in the damnacion of soules.

O lorde god, whiche art riche in mercie, and of thine especiall loue towardes vs, euen whan we were thine enemies by synne, diddest send into the worlde thine only begotten son Jesus Christ: that who so euer beleueth duely in hym, shall not perishe, but haue euerlastyng life.

Haue

Haue mercie vppon me, haue mercie vpon me, accordyng to thy great mercie.

And accordyng to the multitude of thy mercies, put awaye mine offences.

O god moste holy, washe me from my wickednesse, and make me clene frō mine vncleannesse.

For I acknowledge (O lorde) mine heinous synnes: and accuse my selfe of mine vnrighteous dedes.

I confesse against my selfe the wickednesse of my herte, whiche hath ben euer vnfaithfull, and rebelling against thy preceptis.

I haue been an vntrue and a froward childe to the, and haue prouoked the with my vanities.

O holy father, I haue offen-

ded thy diuine maiestie: and am not worthy to be called thy son.

Because I prouoked the to angre through the multitude of my synnes: & haue not exercised my selfe in thy rightfull lawes.

I haue turned backe from thy wayes, and done euill before the: I haue done wickedly and vniustly behaued my selfe, leauyng thy cõmaundementes, and murmuring against thy correccion.

I haue turned my selfe away, and not kepte my promise made vnto the: I haue walked in an euill waye after mine owne thoughtes and fantasies, thesyng the thinges that thou woldest not.

O lorde god almighty, I haue not feared the, nor shewed due reue-

reuerence vnto the: but I haue
been disobedient and stubburne
against the.

As a common harlot is with-
out shame, euen soo am I with-
out shame of my synnes: for (be-
hold) I speake vnto the, and yet
I synne more and more.

I haue lefte that whiche is
good, and gone backe from the:
and I haue not put my truste
and hope in the (my maker) but
haue sought for helpe and saue-
garde otherwyse.

I haue plowed wyckednesse,
and reaped iniquitie, and eaten
the fruite of lyes: bycause I
haue trusted in mine owne way.

I haue cast thy lawes behind
my backe, not regardyng thy
commaundementes, nor leauing

mine owne leude customes.

I haue not geuen my herte to retourne to thy pathes: For I wolde not knowe the, but haue fallen thorough mine iniquitie.

I neuer vnto this daie turned truly vnto the with all my hert: but as a woman that breakethe hir fidelitie and promyse vnto hir husband, euen so (o lord god) I haue broken my promyse vnto the.

For I haue liued abhominabli, and haue had no remors nor repentaunce for my euyll dedes, but haue runne from synne to synne, folowyng the lewde desyres of my herte.

Thou knowest all thynges (o lord) howe I haue prouoked the to displeasure by my lewde inuenti-

uencions: and none of all my synnes be hid from the.

I hated thy discipline and correccion: and regarded not thy wordes and sayinges.

I haue not done penaunce for my malice: but haue encreased in muche vanitie.

My herte hath ben voyde of trueth: and my handes haue wrought vnrightuousnesse.

My tonge hath spoken sinfully: and I haue labored with the imaginacion of my hert to fynd out lyes and deceites, and no trueth hath ben in my wayes.

I haue accustomed my tongue to speake trifles and vanities, fulfyllynge my fleshely desyres and thoughtes: my purposes and inuencions haue ben

contrary to thy wyll, wherby I haue offended the eies of thy maiestie.

Thou hast sene all these thynges (O lorde) and haste holden thy peace, and yet they were euil in thy syght, and displeased the.

In thy angre thou haste caste me awaye, and art diuided from me nowe many dayes.

Thou haste geuen me vp to the desyres of my hert: to do the thynges whiche be not semyng.

Wo I am, that I haue gone from the, greate is my mysterie, that I haue led my liue in sinne.

Wo is me, that I haue forsaken the to do my deuises, not after thy mynde, to accomplyshe my thoughtes, which haue not proceded of thy spirite, but haue hea-

heaped vp synne vpon synne.

Mine infamie and repzoche is daily befoze mine eies: and foz shame I dare not shewe my face.

And nowe (O lozde god) why forgettest thou me? why kepest thou awaye so long thy mercie from me?

Here now my cause graciously although thou haste ben displesed with me a great while: foz thou arte mercifull: be not angry alwayes I beseche the.

Caste not away a contrite and a penitent person, a wzetche, and an abiecte, whiche humbly calleth vpon thy name.

Tourne againe a littell towards me (O lozde god) and forgeue me my mischeuous dedes.

Oz=

Ordre me not according to my synnes, nor punishe me as my wickednesse deserueth.

Shewe not furth thy power against a poore wretche: persecute hym not so sore, whiche is without all strength.

Turne not thy face away from my prayers: but according to thy promisses, take me againe vnto thy fauour.

For I am thine (O rightuous father) whom thy onely deere sonne hath redeemed with his precious bloudde.

And now my soule abhorreth my old conuersacion: and of the (whiche arte iudge of all men) I aske mercie.

I do submit my selfe vnder thy mightie hande: for after thine angre

angre thou shewest mercie, and in the time of tribulacion thou doest forgeue synnes.

I acknowledge, that I am a synner, beseechyng the, lord god almightie, of thy goodnesse to do with me accordyngly to thy great mercie.

I am confounded and ashamed, to lifte vp mine eies vnto the, for my synnes are ascended vp vnto thy syght.

Against the (O father) against the I haue synned, and done euill before the: thou seest that mine iniquitie is great.

Truely I haue ben an offender against the, euen from my cradle, and syns I sucked my mothers brestes I haue not ceased to do euill.

Beholde, I was begotten in iniquitie: & my mother brought me into this worlde defiled with synne.

For the corne of an euill sede is sowed in my herte, and howe muche wickednesse hath sprounge therof vnto this day, thou knowest (O lorde.)

I can not shake of my synnes and offences, but I cary still with me thinkamie of my youth.

Beholde lorde, I am sold vnder synne: and in my flesche I fynde not that whiche is good.

For the good that I wolde, that do I not, but the euill that I hate, that I do.

All the thoughtes and imagi-nacions of my hert, haue ben set to do euill, euer sens I was yōg.

O why

O why do I dye in my synnes lorde god: seing thy wyll is not that a synner dye, but retourne from his synne and lyue?

For thou arte good and mercyfull, and accordyng to thy great mercy, sauest them that be vnworthy.

For albeit no man is able to beare the punishement, whiche thou doest threaten against sinners, yet the mercy, whiche thou hast promysed, is great and vnsercheable.

Thou haste shewed mercy a thousande tymes heretofore: to make thy name glorious as it is euen yet styll.

The olde fathers in their necessities cried vnto the, and thou dyddest delyuer them: they put

their

their truſt in the: and they were not confounded.

When they were at their wittes ende, and wyſte not what to do: this was their onely refuge, to lift vp their eies to the.

Thou diddeſt ſaue theim for thy names ſake, to ſhewe in thē thy might and ſtrength.

Many a tyme they prouoked the thorough their iniquities, and ſtirred thy goodneſſe to diſpleaſure.

Yet when thou ſaweſt theyr tribulacion, and theyr lowly ſubmiſſion vnto the,

Thou diddeſt remembre thy promiſe, and by and by haddeſt pitie and compaſſion vpō them: accordyng to the multitude of thy mercies.

Haue

Haue mercye vppon me (O lorde God omnipotent) haue mercy vpon me: for I am a miserable and a wretched creature: Make me hoole I beseche the, whom thou hast stryken for my synne and iniquitie.

My soule is troubled greatly: and howe long (O lorde) wylte thou not loke towardes me?

Howe long wylte thou reiecte my praier thus crieng out vnto the? wylte thou heare me at no tyme? howe longe wilte thou tourne away thy face from me?

Where be thy olde mercyes (O lorde) whome thou hast stablyshed in thy trueth?

Wylte thou nowe (O lord god) cease to shewe mercy? or wylte thou withdrawe thy goodnesse

for displeasure.

Haste thou caste me awaie for euer: that thou wilt neuer here after be pleased with me?

Thy hande is not weakened, but it maie helpe: and thy eares be not stopped, that they refuse to heare.

Howe long shall my mynde be troubled with peynefull and heauy thoughtes? howe longe shall sorowe tourment my hert.

Howe longe shall mine ennemie haue the ouerhande of me? looke towardes me (lorde god) and here my praier.

Geue lyght to mine eies, for I haue slepte to longe in deathe: and my synnes haue preuayled against me.

Turne againe (O lorde) turne

againe

againe, and deliuer my soule: and saue me for thy great mercies sake.

Lo nowe is the accepted time: nowe be the dayes of health and grace.

In deathe who shall remembre the? or in helle who shall laude or praise the?

He that liueth, he that liueth, shall praise the: and shall make thy mercie knowen.

Lord, rebuke me not in thyne angre: nor punysshe me in thy great displeasure.

Cast not thy dartes at me: nor laye not thy heauy hande vpon me.

For I haue borne thine angre a long while, and of the cuppe of thy hygh displeasure I haue

dronke very depe.

There is no health in my flesh for feare of thy displeasure: I haue no peace nor rest, when I beholde my synnes.

My iniquities be gone ouer my hed: and like an heauy burdein they daily presse me downe.

The woundes in my soule do fester and stinke euen thorough mine owne folie.

I am a wretche cast away from thy fauour and presence, and go mournyng all the day long.

My soule is full of filthinesse, and no parte of me is hole and sounde.

Wherfore my enemies do persecute me the more, the gretnesse of my peyne maketh me to rore and crye.

My

My herte fainteth and trembleth within me, and my strēgth is gone away.

O lorde, thou knowest my desire, and thou seest my necessitie.

Forgeue me all my synnes (O lorde god almightie) for thy owne sake, and put out of thy syght my heynous offences, for according to thy goodnesse thou hast promised forgeuenesse of sinnes to them that do penance.

Haue mercie on me lorde, for the glorie and honoure of thy name, and be no longer displeased with me, and then thou shalt surely be knowen to be iust and true in thy wordes, and shalte ouercome when thou art iudged.

For by this, thy greatte grace shalbe knowen: that thou takest

mercie on them, which haue not wherof they maie glorie in thy syght.

And all the dwellers on ȳ erth shal lerne and knowe thy goodnesse, whan thou shalt conferre & geue thy benefites to vs for thy great names sake, and not after our euill wayes & wicked dedes.

Uerily lorde god, excepte thou shew vnto vs thy manifold mercies, the worlde shall not haue life, nor they that dwell therin.

And if thou helpe vs not with thy goodnesse, howe maie they whiche haue offended, be reysed vp from their synnes?

Haue mercie on me (O good father) haue mercie on me, and for thy glorious name, be no longer angry with me.

Take

Take me synner vnto thy mercie for the name of thy holy son Jesu, whome thou haste sent to be the obteiner of mercie for our synnes thorough faithe in his bloudde.

Beholde holy father, behold thy childe, whome thou haste chosen: beholde thy welbeloued sonne, in whome thy soule delliteth: vpon whom thou haste put thy holy spirite, and sent him to preche the gospell to the poore, to heale them, whiche for their sinnes be sorowfull and contrite: to comforte them that mourne, to preache pardon to the prisoners, and syght to the blinde.

Beholde thy littell one, whiche was borne for vs: beholde thy son, whiche is geuen to vs.

whome thou haſte not ſpared, but geuen to deathe for vs all, to be a ſwete offerynge and a ſacrifice to the.

Verely he tooke vppon hym, in his bodie, oure infirmities, and he bare our peynes.

He was made weake for our ſynnes: and he was wounded for our offences.

The correccion for our peace was layde vppon hym, and by the ſtrokes that he ſuffred, our woundes were healed.

All we wente a ſtraye like ſheepe, euery one folowed his owne waye, and thou (O lorde) putteſt on hym our iniquities, ſtrykyng hym for the offences, of thy people.

He gaue his body to be beaten

and

and his chekes to be stryken, he tourned not away his face from them that scorned hym, and spit vpon hym.

Thrughe his loue and mercy, he hath redemed them that were losse, and by his bloudde shedde on the Crosse, he hath pacifyed all thynges in heauen and earthe.

He gaue hym selfe to deathe, and made his prayers for them whiche were offenders.

Loke (O mercyfull father) and cõsider, who it is that thus dydde suffre: and remembre (I beseche the) for whome he hath suffred.

For this is that innocente, whom thou gauest to deathe for vs, euen than whan we were

ſinners: and ſhall we not, being nowe iuſtified by his bloudde, muche rather be ſaued from wrathe through hym?

If we (when we were yet enemies) were reconciled to the by the deathe of thy ſonne: ſhall we not, being reconciled, muche rather be ſaued by his life?

Beholde that pure and immaculate lambe, whiche taketh away the ſynnes of the worlde, by whoſe precious bloud we are redemed from our iniquities.

Loke vppon that moſte meke innocent, whiche like a lambe was led to his death: and being moſte cruelly entreated, ones opened not his mouth.

Beholde thyne onely ſonne, whom although thou begatteſt

of

of thy almightie power, ſubſtãce and nature: yet thou wouldeſt he ſhuld be ptaker of my infirmity.

Whiche being god in nature thought it no rauin to be equall with god, but made hym ſelfe low, takyng vpon him the ſhape of a ſeruaunt, and commyng in the ſimilitude of ſynfull fleſhe, condemned ſynne in the fleſhe, ſubmittyng hym ſelfe vnto the (O father) euen to the deathe of the croſſe, and there put out the hand wrytyng that was againſt vs conteyned in the lawe wrytten, & takyng it out of the way, faſtened it to his croſſe, on the which he ſpoiled poteſtates and powers, and made a ſhewe to them openly, and triumphed ouer them in his owne perſon.

Turne

Tourne the eyes of thy mate-
ſtie (O lorde god) and loke v-
pon the worke of thy ineffable
goodneſſe.

Beholde thine owne ſwete ſon,
how all his body was drawen
& ſtretched furth on the croſſe.

Loke vppon all the partes of
his bodie, from the crowne of
the head vnto the ſoule of the
fote, and no peine ſhalbe founde
like vnto his peine.

Behold (O louing father) the
bleſſed heade of thy deere ſonne
crowned with ſharpe thornes,
and the bloud runnyng downe
vpon his godly viſage.

Beholde his tendre body, how
it is ſcourged: his naked breſt
is ſtriken and beaten: his blud-
dy ſide is thraſted through: his
herte

herte panteth : his ſinewes be ſtretched furth : his godly eyes daſell and loſe their ſyght : his princely face is wanne and pale, his pleaſant tongue is inflamed for peine : his inwarde partes ware drie and ſtarke: his armes both blewe and wanne be ſtiffe. his bones be plucked one from an other : his beautifull legges be feble and weake: and the ſtremes of bloudde iſſuyng out of his bodie, runne downe apace vpon his fete.

Loke (O my maker) vpon the humanitee and tentilneſſe of thy dere ſonne: and pitie the infirmitie of thy weake hãdy worke.

Beholde (O glorious father) the body of thy dere ſonne, all to rent and torne : and remembre

I be-

I beseche the, of how small substance I am.

Loke vpon the peine of hym that is both god and man: and release the misery of man, whom thou hast made.

Behold the greuous sufferyng of the redemer, and forgeue the synne of hym that is redemed.

Kepe me from all euill wayes: and teache me by thy holy spirite, to chose the waye of trueth.

I beseche the (O thou kyng of holynesse) by hym that is moste holie, by this my redemer Christe, that thou bryng me againe into the ryght waye, that I may be vnited and made one with hym in spirite, whiche abhorred not to be vnited with me in flesshe.

Make

Make me to go perfectely in thy pathes: and to hate all wicked wayes.

Washe my herte from malice, and clense me from my secrete synnes.

Clense me (O holie father) with the bloude of the newe testamēt of thy welbeloued sonne: whiche hath loued vs, and washed vs with his bloude from our synnes, and hathe redemed vs from all iniquitie.

Purifie my hert by the sanctificacion of thy spirite, and the sprinkling of the bloude of thy sonne, from all filthinesse of syn, and euyll conscience.

O god almightie, be mercifull vnto me sinner: for thy glorious name sake, and remembre my sinnes

fynnes no longer.

For thou arte god, gracious and mercyfull, and pacyently doest suffre vs: and woldest that no man shulde perishe, but that al men shuld returne to penãce.

Make me (O lorde god) to returne from my euyll waies and wycked thoughtes.

Remembre not the sinnes and abhominacions of my youthe: accordyng to thy mercy, be mind full of me for thy goodnesse sake O lorde.

Loke not vpon me with a greuous countenance: for there is no man that dare speke for me.

Entre not into iugement with thy seruant, for if thou accuse me, I shall neuer be quytte.

For if thou (O lorde) marke

my

my ſynnes and iniquitie: who ſhall not fall befoze the?

This is certaine and ſure, that than in thy ſight no man liuyng ſhalbe iuſtified, ſeing thou haſt found iniquitie euen in thy angelles.

Howe muche rather in man, which is abhomination and filthineſſe, & dwelleth in the erthly houſe of this body, and drinketh iniquitie as it were water?

Who is clene from filthineſſe, whan al be corrupted? truly not one: no though he haue liued but one day on the earthe: and thoughe his monethes, mate be eaſily numbred.

Of a trueth there is no mortall man, whiche hath not done wickedly: nor there is any right

wise on earth, which doth good, and synneth not.

Yet because mercie is in thy hande (O lorde) although thou be dredefull, my hope is in the, in whom my soule trusteth.

My soule loketh for the, because mercie and plentifull redemption is with the.

For this I knowe assuredly, that thou wilt not cast me away for euer: but although thou caste me away for my synnes a whyle, yet thou wilt haue mercie vpon me againe, accordyng to the multitude of thy mercies.

For thou (O lorde) arte full of pitie and mercie: and wilte not turne thy face away from vs, if we will returne to the.

Thou art our god full of swe-

tenesse

teneſſe, veritie, and pacience, and diſpoſeſt all thynges by mercie.

The fountaines of thy goodneſſe be euer full and flowe ouer: thy grace neuer decaieth.

All thy waies be mercie and trueth, to them that ſeke out thy couenaunt and teſtimonies.

Howe gentle and louyng the father is to his chyldren, ſo gentle & louyng art thou (O lord) to them that feare the, and for the haboundaunce of thy mercie thou doeſt pardon our infirmities.

Thou knoweſt thyne owne handy worke: thou remembreſt what we are: thou ſeeſt that we are fleſche, and of no ſtrength. Thou haſt not forgotten, that

this worlde is full of vnrygh-teousnesse and wickednesse: and that it is wholly sette and bent on euill.

Yet neuertheless thou art mer-cifull, and full of grace, and like a mercifull lorde, forbea-rest to punishe synners, whan they repent theim selfe, and re-turne from their synnes.

Haue mercie vpon me (O lord god my sauiour) for the glorie of thy name: and deliuer me, and forgeue me my synnes for thy names sake.

O righteouse father, loke not straitely vpon the multitude of my synnes: but loke on the face of Jesu thy holy sonne, whiche beyng without synne, bare our synnes in his bodie on the tree

of

of the crosse.

Tourne awaye thy face from my sinnes: and put out all my iniquities.

Make a cleane herte in me (O god) and renue me with a right spirite.

Caste me not away from thy presence, and take not thy holy spirite from me.

Geue me againe the comforte of thy helpe: and stablisshe me with thy mightie spirite.

Mollifie my herte (O lorde god) that I maie returne to thy pathes: for I haue wanded ouerlonge in the way of errour.

Tourne me to the, and I shal be tourned: for thou art my maker: and I am the claye and worke of thy handes.

Tourne not thy face awaye from me, nor goe not from thy seruaunt in thyne angre.

Be my helper, and forsake me not: dispise me not (O lord) whiche art my God, and my healthy. Amen.

¶ The seconde spalme.

For remission of sinnes.

O Most myghty god of aungels & of men: whose iugementes be vnserchable: & whose wisdome is profound and depe.

Here the prayers of thy seruaunt: and cast not awaye the humble suites of thy poore creature and handy worke.

For as longe as I shall lyue, I wil speke vnto the: and I will not

not holde my peace, so longe as the breath is in my body.

I do turne my soule vnto the, and I set mine eies directly vpon the.

Let thine angre be tourned away from me, I beseche the, and graunt, that I may fynde grace and fauour in thy syght.

Accordyng to the greatnesse of thy mercie, forgeue me all my synnes.

Plucke me awaye from mine heinous offences: and heale my soule, whiche hath offended the, make me free from the guilt of my transgression: for I acknowlage my iniquitie, and am sory for my synnes.

I haue forsaken thy waye, and I, knowynge thy commaun-

dementes, haue done al thinges contrary to them.

I haue broken the couenaunt that I made with the: and haue dispised to kepe thy lawe.

Verily I haue synned against the (O lorde god) and the blemishe of my synne abideth styll with me, euen vnto this day.

I haue forsaken the (O god my maker) and gone away from the my sauiour, and haue rebelled against the, like the oxe that winceth and striueth whan he shulde be yoked.

I haue hardened my herte against the: and I haue lifted vp my necke proudely after my synne.

I haue trusted in lyes, and through deceit wold not know-

lage

lage the: but I haue folowed the lewdneſſe of my herte.

My pride and arrogancie haue begupled me: and the foliſſhe boldeneſſe of my herte hathe brought me into deſolate waies.

Mine owne counſailes and aduiſes haue wroughte me theſe thynges: ſuche is the malice and rebellion that poſſeſſeth the hertes of men.

My ſoule is put from quietneſſe and reſte, and I can not thinke of any good thyng.

The yoke of my ſynnes is warred very heauy: it is lifted vp and faſtned about my necke.

Thou haſte ſpoken to me, but I wolde not heare: Thou haſte called me, but I wolde not anſwere, I beleued not thy wor-

des, nor wolde abyde thy coun-
sayle.

I regarded not thy holy word:
and I gaue not my mynd to thy
sayinges.

Thou haste strykn me, but
I wolde not knowe the cause
therof: thou haste corrected me,
but I wolde not take thy disci-
plyne.

I dyd not consyder in my hert,
that thou woldest not forgette
my synne and malice.

With my mouthe and my lyp-
pes I glorified the: but my hert
was farre from the.

I hyd my synne as Adam dyd:
to the intente to haue myne ini-
quitie vnknowen.

I axed not counsayle of thy
mouthe: and I wold not folow
thy

thy lawe.

I haue synned before thyne eyes, and therefore my soule is made vnstable.

I forsoke the, whiche arte the fountaine of continuall spryngynge waters: to the entent to digge to my selfe muddy pittes, whiche haue no water.

In all these thynges, I am not retourned to the: nor I haue not prayed vnto the, that I myghte leaue my wycked wayes.

Se lorde, and beholde, how vyle I am made: all the beautie of my soule is perysshed and gone: in so muche that nowe I dare not in any wise behold and loke vpon the.

And there was no cause why

I

I ſhould forſake the, and vainely folow vaine thynges.

Lorde haue mercie vppon me, and heare my prayers: for thou arte my god, and there is no ſauiour beſides the.

Turne away from me thy heauie diſpleaſure: and diſtroy me not for the ſynnes of my youth.

I humbly beſeche the (O lorde) forgeue me, forgeue me for thy excedyng mercie.

O lorde god of hoſtes, if thou be determined to ſaue, who can let or reſiſt? if thou ſtretche out thy hande, who ſhall turne the awaye?

Thou maieſt do to me as the potter doeth to his potte: for (beholde) I am in thy hande, as the clay is in his.

Amende

Amende me (O lorde) but in mercie, not in thine angre, least thou vtterly consume me: make me to vnderstande and knowe how hurtful and deadly a thing it is to forsake the, my lord god, and to caste awaye from me, the feare of the.

There is no man, that can heale me nor cure my plage: no man can deliuer me, but thou (O lorde) whiche woundest and makest hole: which strikest and healest againe.

My distruction cometh of my selfe: my helpe and saluacion standeth onely in the.

For none is like vnto the, thou arte mightie: and greatte is the name of thy strength.

Turne me to the (O lord) and

I shal

I shall be tourned: take awaye from me this synfull herte, that thy lawe may bring furth fruite in me.

Remembre me lorde, for thy goodnesse sake: and for the great loue that thou beares towardes me.

O lorde god (beholde) thou haste made bothe heauen and earth by thy great myght: and nothyng is harde to the.

Thou arte that puissant and mightie, whose name is the lord of hostes: great and meruailous in thy counsaile.

As soone as thou haste spoken the worde, all thinges be done: as soone as thou hast commanded, thinges be: and thy worde retourneth not to the, voide and

without effecte.

Thou (O lorde god) shewest mercie vnto al: for thou canst do all: and thou makest as though thou sawest not the synnes of men, because they shulde do penance, and amende their liues.

For thou louest all thynges that be: and hatest nothing that thou haste made: for nothyng thou madest or hast ordeined of any hatred.

Thou sparest and tendrest all men: for all thynges be thine, & thou louest the soules of men.

Thou doest minister mercie, equitie, and iustice in the earthe: and therefore in these vertues thou greatly delitest.

Truly (O lord) ỹ art righteous & gracious, not withstandyng I haue

haue offended the, transgressing thy couenant, and trespassyng agaynst the.

O lorde, thou haste seen al my abhompnacions: looke on my cause, and consyder, howe vyle and wretched I am: see and beholde my great confusion.

In the tyme of reconciliacion heare me, and in the day of saluacion haue mercy on me.

Be mercifull vnto me, & haue mercy on me, whiche haue none other helpe but the: whose wyll nothyng can resyste: whan so euer thou doest purpose to saue.

Here me, whiche am a wretche, makyng supplicacion vnto the: make me to truste in thy name: and delyuer me by thy power.

Haue regarde to me from hea-

uen

uen, O lorde, and loke downe from thy holy habitacion: and from the throne of thy glory.

Distroy me not because of my iniquitie: but remembre the sorowe and pein that I suffer.

Be not still angry with me (O lorde) forget all my synnes, and remembre them no longer.

Let my prayer ascende vp vnto the: saie vnto my soule, Behold I am come to the, thy heith and thy saluacion. Amen.

¶ The thirde spalme.

For remission of sinnes.

O God eternall iuste and holy: whiche kepest couenant and mercy with thē that loue the, and kepe thy commandementes.

Loke at me, and haue mercie vpon me: for I haue trespassed agaynst the: and done euyll in thy sight.

Shewe forthe vppon me the tender affeccions of thy mercie, that thy seruaunt maie haue an hert to praie vnto the.

I humbly make my prayer before thy face, not trustynge in myne owne ryghtuousnesse, but in thy great mercies.

For I am vnclene and filthy: and al my rightuousnesse is like a foule blouddy cloute.

Unto the (O lorde) be iustice, mercie, and pietie: but vnto me be confusion and shame, for my iniquities.

Certaynely euen from my begynnynge I haue bled my selfe proude-

proudely agaynst the, dooeyng wickedly and ceassyng not.

Olorde, thou haste redeemed me, and yet I haue not ceassed to offende the, and my hert hath not ben streight in thy sight.

Thou hast taught and instructed me, and stablisshed my power, and I haue ben euill affected towardes the, beynge like vnto a deceitfull bowe.

My pride and presempcion accuse me to my face, I am ouerthrowen in myne owne wickednesse: I do seke the (O lorde) I beseche the, that I maie finde the: thou arte separated from me: for I haue gredily folowed filthynesse.

Yet will I accuse mine owne sinfull waies before the (O-

lorde) vntyll thou haue mercie vpon me, and receiue me again into thy fauour.

God forbyd, that euer I shuld depart from the again, and not dylygently seke for thy promyses.

I wyll neuer holde my peace, nor keepe sylence: vntyll thou haue establysshed that couenant with me, whiche thou hast made and ordeyned in tymes paste:

That is to saie, lyke as the iustyce of a iuste man shall not delyuer or saue hym, what tyme soeuer he shall offende: So the wyckednesse of a wycked manne shall not hurte hym, what tyme so euer he shall retourne frome his wyckednesse.

In

In hope of this (O lorde god) I wyll tary thy pleasure: for thou art good to theym that trust in the, and to the soule that seketh the.

Thou keepeste thy truthe for euermore: and the woorde whiche issueth furthe of thy mouth, shall not be voyde and of none effecte.

Distroye me not (good lorde) for my synnes: nor reserue not eternall punyshement for me.

Open thyne eies, and beholde the greatnesse of my peine and affliccion: for my iniquitie is greatte in thy syghte: and my synnes haue broughte me in to this trouble.

Distroye me not vtterlye, nor

leaue me in my ſinnes: for thou arte god of mercie, and verie gracious.

Execute not the punyſchemente vppon me, whiche thou haddeſt pourpoſed: do to me accordig to thy name: although my defaultes and ſynnes be many.

O lorde, thou arte my god: and thy name hathe been putte vppon me: Leaue me not in the depeneſſe of my troubles.

Thou haſte chaſtyſed and reformed many, and haſte ſtrenthed the wery handes, thy wordes haue ſet vp hym that ſtagered: and thou haſt made ſtreight the croked knees.

Wherefore I wyll ſeeke the

O lord

(O lorde god) whiche haste wrought great thynges vnsercheable and innumerable.

Thou hast takenne vppe the poore out of the duste, and haste exalted theym, whiche were abiectes.

For thou dooest delyuer the poore in his myserie oute of the strayte and bottomelesse pytte of tribulacion: and oute of the wyde mouthe of anguysshe and affliccion, into reste and quietnesse.

Thou arte gracious and merciful, for that thou shewest mercie to theim whiche bee not yet come into the worlde: and thou art very mercyful to theim, whiche diligently obserue and kepe thy lawes: and thou doest pacti-

entlỹ ſuffre ſynners : geuyng them tyme and place, whereby they maie be changed from their malyce.

Here me poꝛe wꝛetche makyng ſupplicacion vnto the:foꝛ in the and in thy name, I haue put my truſt and affiance.

Take me thy ſeruaunte vnto the, and make me good, and let me not be diſappoynted of that that I loke foꝛ.

Come agayne (O loꝛde god) and ſaue my ſoule : deſtroye me not, whome thou haſt redeemed by thy greate myght and powꝛer.

Loke not vpon the hardnes of my herte, noꝛ vpon my ſynnes : but like as thou haſte many tymes ſhewed mercie : ſo nowe be mercifull and foꝛgiue me.

Here

Here me (O lorde) and bee pacified: regard my prayer, and do accordyng to thy great name.

O lorde, I loke to haue helpe and saluacion from the: and this is my daylie meditacion, and exercise.

For thy mercies be greate: and thy goodnes is inestimable.

Heare me nowe fauourably: and withholde thy mercies noo longer from me.

In the way of thy iudgementes I wyll loke after the: my soule desyreth to magnifie thy name, and to haue the in memory.

Incline my hert to do thy commaundementes: and direct my waies euermore in thy sight.

Let me neuer hereafter goe awaie from thy waies: nor leaue

me not nowe in the depenesse of my troubles.

Tourne not thine eies away from me: but teach me (O lorde) to do those thynges, whiche are pleasaunt in thy sight.

Make a perpetuall leage and couenaunte with me, that thou wilte put thy feare into my hert: that I nener swarue from the in all my life.

Withdrawe not thy goodnesse from me for euer, but keepe thy promyse and fidelitie.

Be good vnto me with benevolence and fauoure: for thou arte mercyfull, and thy displeasure continueth not for euer.

Remembre me with fauoure and kyndenesse: and visyte me with thy saluacion.

I knowe (O lorde god) that thou arte graciouse and mercyfull, pacient, and of greate mercifulneſſe.

Thou art good and merciful, thou kepeſt couenant and mercy with thy ſeruãtes, which walke before the in their hole hert.

There is none other god but thou, whiche regardeſt and careſt for all.

For thou haſte bene euer very mercifull to me: deliuerynge my ſoule from the depe hell.

Let thy goodnes (O lorde) bee euer with me, for all my wealth reſteth onely in the.

In the tyme of tribulacion I call vpon the (O lorde) for thou art nigh vnto them, whiche call vpon thy holy name.

Succour

Succour me (O god) and loke merily vppon me: shewe me the lyght of thy countenaunce: in the my soulle trustethe, and my hert reioyseth.

Let my prayer come vnto thy throne: bowe downe thine eare vnto my crye.

Here me nowe beyng penitent (O lorde) whom thou haste hytherto pacientlye suffred: to thintent I shuld repent and amende my life.

O god, I haue opened vnto the my life: saue me for thy name sake: for my trust is in the.

What care I for worldly thinges? This one thyng onely I nede and desire, that I may find grace and fauour in thy syghte.

Wherfore I beseeche the (O lorde

lorde god) take awaie frome me this peine and sorow: or at least wyse mitigate and aswage it, other by comfort or by counsayle, or by what menes so euer it shal be sene good to the.

¶ The fourth spalme, is a complaint of a penitent sinner, whiche is sore troubled and ouercome with sinnes.

O Lorde god mercyfull and pacient: and of muche mercifulnesse and trueth.

Whiche for thy haboundaunt charitie, and accordyng to thy great mercie, hast taken vs out from the power of darknes: and hast saued vs by the fountayne of regeneracion and new birth, and

and the renewyng of the holie goſt: whom thou haſt ſhed vpon vs aboundantely by Jeſu Chriſt our ſauiour.

If I haue founde grace and fauoure in thy ſighte: ſuffre me to ſpeake a woꝛde vnto the: and be not diſpleaſed with me.

Why dooeſt thou euer foꝛget me: and leaueſte me in the middes of my troubles and euils?

Where is become thy zeale and thy ſtrength? where is the multitude of thy tender affeccions? and of thy mercies?

O loꝛd, maie not he whiche is fallen, riſe vp againe? oꝛ maie not he, whiche hathe gone away from the, returne to the again?

Shal my ſoꝛow euer endure? ſhall my wounde be vncurable

and

and neuer healed?

How commeth it to passe, that I still tourne awaie from the? my sinne daylie increaseth, and of my selfe I can not retourne.

In as much as it is not geuen to man to directe his owne waies: neither to make perfecte his owne proceedinges.

For in thy hande is the life of euery lyuyng thynge: and the spirite also of euerie man.

Thou shewest thy mercye to whom thou wilte: and thou art gracious to theim, whom thou fauourest.

Thou dooste kill, and thou dost quicken: thou leadest downe to hel gate, and bringest vp apain.

Thy eies behold the waies of euery man: and thou searchest

the hertes of men.

There is no place so secrete or darke, wherin synnes maie hide them selues from the.

Nor any man maie so lurke and hide him selfe in caues: but thou shalt se him, whiche dooest fulfill bothe heauen and earthe in euery parte.

Why haste thou cast me awaie from thy presence? and takeste me for thy enemy?

Why haste thou layed vppon my heade the heauy weyghte of my sinnes? seyng no man is hable to beare thy displeasure.

What meaneth it, that thou shewest thy power agaynste a wretche? why distroyest me for the synnes of my youth?

If I haue synned, what shall

I do to the? and if my synnes be increased, what shall I doe?

If I do iustly, what shall I geue to the? or what shalt thou receyue at my hande?

My wyckednesse shall hurt my self: and my righteousnesse shall profite me.

The lyfe of man is a temptacion vpon the earthe: and if I haue synned (as all men haue) what may I do?

Shall any man be fownde cleane and withoute synne before the? or shall any manne be without default in his dedes?

Howe may a mortall man be pure from sinne in thy syght? or howe maye he, whiche is borne of a woman be rightuous?

Remembre (O lorde) I beseche

the, that thou haſte made me of the earthe: and that thou ſhalte bryngе me agayne into the duſt of deathe.

My dayes paſſe and vanyſhe awaye lyke ſmoke: they waſte daily, there is no taryeng.

My lyfe flyeth awaye as the wynd: and conſidereth not that whiche is good.

I was but lately borne into this world, and ſhortly I ſhalbe taken awaye hence by death, I neuer continue ſtyll in one ſtate.

The dayes of my life be fewe, and ſhort: thou haſte appointed an ende, which I ſhal not paſſe.

Naked and bare I came oute of my mothers wombe: and naked and bare I ſhall retourne agayne: truely all men lyuing

are

are vanitie.

Haue pitie (O lorde) on them that are in miserie: and dispise not the worckes of thy handes.

Though we synne, yet are we vnder the: for we know thy power and strength: and if we synne not, than are we sure that thou regardest vs.

Ceasse thy indignacion (O lorde) and tourne it from me: and caste all my synnes behinde thy backe.

Take away thy plages from me: for thy punishement hathe made me both feble and faint.

For whan thou chastisest a man for his synnes, thou causest hym by and by to consume and pine away.

What so euer is delectable in

ym, perisheth like vnto the clothe that is eatē with moughtes.

Would god I hadde one to defende me a whyle, vntill thy anger were tourned away: or that thou wouldest sette me a time, in the whiche thou wouldest remembre me.

I am cleane caste away from thy presence: shall I neuer hereafter se thy face againe?

Beholde, I haue opened the griefes of my soule: the daies of my sorowes haue taken me.

The flouddes of tribulacion compasse me round about: and the streames of thy fury runne ouer me.

And I crye vnto the (O lorde god) but thou heares me not: I aske mercie: but thou reiectest

test my prayers.

Why thrastest thou downe a poore wretche from thy presence? or why forsakest me so longe time.

Why takest not away my iniquitie? and why puttest thou not away the wickednesse of my herte?

Aryse and tary no longer (O lorde) aryse, and reiecte me not for euer.

Haue me in remembraunce, I beseche the: for I thoroughly tremble and shake for feare.

Yet I wil not hold my tonge, but crye stille vnto the with a mournyng and an heauy herte.

Turne away the stroke of thy vengeance from me: bryng my minde out of troubles in to rest.

I am here no longer continuer, but a pilgrym and a straunger as all other moztall men be. And what is man, that thou shuldest be angry with hym? oz what is mankynde, that thou shouldest be so heauy lozde vnto vs?

What, wilt thou bzyng sozowe vpon sozowe? I pant foz peyne and fynde no rest.

My sozowe greueth me whan I shuld eate, and sodaine sighes ouerwhelme my herte.

I am as if my bones were all to bzoken, whan I here myne enemies rayle vpon me, and saie to me day by day, where is thy god? why tournest thou thy face awaye from these thynges (O lozde?) why hast thou no regard

of

of my trouble?

I earnestly make my prayers dayly in thy syght: and the heynesse of my herte I do shewe vnto the.

My spirite is careful and troubled within me: and desperacion hath entred into my herte.

Is it thy pleasure (O lorde god) to cast awaye thyne owne handy worke?

Delyuer my sowle from corrupcion, and my life from euerlastyng darknesse.

What auayleth it me, that euer I was borne, if thou caste me streight into damnacion? seyng that the deade shall not praise the, nor any of them whyche go downe to hell.

I haue synned, what shall I

do to the: why haſt thou put me to be contrary to the: I am wery of myne owne ſelfe.

Why ſercheſt thou out my ſinnes ſo narowly: whan there is no man that can take out of thy hande:

If I wolde ſaye, that I were ryghtuous and without ſynne: than thou myghteſt worthyly condemne me to the fyre prepared for the diuel and his angels

But I cõfeſſe, that I am a ſinner, and I do humble my herte in thy ſyghte.

Surely if any man wold ſtãde with the in iugemẽt, he ſhalt not be able to anſwere one worde to a thouſand thynges, wherwith thou mighteſt charge hym.

This maketh me to feare all my

my dedes : knowyng that thou spareſt not hym that offendeth.

If I loke vpon thy power, O howe mightie and ſtronge thou arte: if I ſhal cal for iudgement, who ſhall defende my matter, or ſpeake for me?

To the (O lord) I cal and crye: to the my god, I make myne humble ſuite.

Turne away thine angre from me: that I maie knowe, that thou arte more mercifull vnto me than my ſynnes deſerue.

What is my ſtrength, that I maie endure? or what is thende of my trouble, that my ſoule maie pacientlye abide it?

My ſtrength is not a ſtonie ſtrength: and my fleſſhe is not made of braſſe.

There is no helpe in my selfe, and my strengthe fleeth awaye from me.

Although thou hide these thinges in thy herte: yet I knowe that thou wilte remembre me at length.

For thou art true and iust (O lorde god) thou dost not condēne vntustely: whych rewardest man accordyng to his desertes.

All this is com vnto me because I haue forgotten the: I not vsed my selfe truely in thy testament.

My hert hath turned backeward: and I haue folowed the desires of my flesshe.

And thou hast surely knowen this thyng: whyche knowest the secretes of the herte.

Lay not agaynst me (O lorde) the

the synnes of my youthe: nor haue in remembrance mine olde iniuries done against the.

Daily sorowe ouercometh me: and sadnesse possesseth my herte.

I loke after peace, but I cā not haue it: I loke for a time of helthe, but my griefe cōtinueth stil.

When the time of thine angre is past, leat mercie come, yet am I vnhappie more and more.

Woo and alas that euer I sinned: my herte therfore mourneth and is sad, all mirth and ioye be banished from me.

Howe am I wasted: howe miserably am I confounded: because I haue forsaken and caste awaye thy lawe.

Death hath ascended vp by the windowes: persyng the inward

partes

partes of my herte.

When I daily, one while muse secretely with my selfe, an other while with loude voice crye out and complaine: the meane tyme my life draweth nere to the pit.

Who shall geue me a place to reste in from all my griefes and troubles? and I will forsake all men, and geat me away from theim.

Who shal geue me water to my hed, and a fountaine of teares to mine eies? that I maie bewaile my synnes both night and daye.

And I will loke for hym, whiche maie saue me: and deliuer me from the wrath to come.

I haue no trust neither in life nor death: but I feare thy iudgement (O lord) and the peines pre-

prepared for wirked sinners.

The feare of my synne maketh me carefull: and the burdeine of my cõscience oppresseth me sore.

O god, whiche tenderly louest mankinde, and arte most ryghtfull iudge: spare me nowe I beseche the, and shewe me some fauour while time is.

Forgeue that whiche I feare, put away that whiche I dreade: before I departe hence and shall not retourne againe.

My synnes do vexe and trouble me sore: they be so great that none can be greater.

Alas my fall, alas my miserie, alas the griefe of my plage and stroke: certainly my synne is the cause of all this, and so I will take it and suffre it.

¶ The fifth psalme.
For the obteinyng of godly wisedome.

O Lorde god of mercie, which by thy woorde haste made all thynges: and by thy wisedome hast created man.

O god eternall, to whom all thynges be knowen, be they neuer so secret: whiche knowest all thynges before they be done.

Open my lippes and my mouth, that I maie speake and shewe forth the glorie and prayse of thy name.

Geue me a newe herte, and a right spirite: and take from me all wicked and sinfull desires.

O lord, I am foolishe, ignorant, and blind, whan I am destitute of

of thy knowlege.

I am ignorant and without intelligence, my dulneſſe is ſo greate, that my eies can not ſee, nor my herte perceyue.

Yea I am a very babe and a chylde, and know ful littel mine owne lyfe and conuerſacion.

My lyppes be defiled and vncleane, my time is ſhort, & I am not able to vnderſtand thy law.

Geue thy ſeruant, I beſech the, an herte apte to take learnyng: that I may knowe what thing is acceptable in thy ſyghte at all tymes.

Sende downe from heuen the ſpirit of thy wiſdom, & replenyſh my herte with knowlege therof.

Thy wyſedome geueth trewe knoweledge: and oute of thy mouth

mouthe prodethe bothe counsayle and intelligence.

Thy wysedome openeth the mouth of the dumme: & maketh the tonge of infantes eloquent.

If any seme to be perfecte emong men: yet if thy wysdome forsake hym: he shall be reckened nothyng worth.

Thy wysedome is to menne a treasure that fayleth not: which who so vse, thei are ioined to god in loue and amitie.

Howe well it is with that man whiche is witty in this behalfe: and hath his soule indued with thy wysedome.

What man in all the worlde knoweth thy counsaile? or who can compasse in his mynd what thy wyll is?

who

Who can comprehende thy purpose and minde except thou giue him wisedome, and instruct him with thy holy spirite.

For mens reasons do faile in many thynges: and their forecastes and inuencions be vncertaine and vnsure.

For the mortal and corruptible body muche greueth the soule, and the earthly house of thy body holdeth downe the mind, musyng vpon many thynges.

Counsaille and good successe commeth from aboue: where also wisedome is and vertue.

With the (O lorde) is ryches, glory, and righteousnes, whiche be treasures incorruptible.

He that hathe founde out the: hathe founde lyfe: and he that

loueth not the, loueth death.

O lord god, touche my mouth, that my iniquitie maye be dryuen awaye: dwelle thou in my herte, that my synnes maie bee purged.

Wysedome doeth not enter into a malycyouse soule: nor wil abyde in a body, whiche is subiecte to synne.

Teache me (O lorde god) least my ignorauunce increase, and my synnes waxe mo and mo.

Leat thy spirite teache me the thynges that be pleasaunt vnto the, that I maye be led into the streight way out of errour, wher in I haue wandred ouer longe.

Let thy wisdome be stablished in my spirite: and write thy lawe in my herte.

Thy

Thy wisedome is to me more precious then all riches: and I desire more to haue it then all other thynges, be they neuer so faire and goodly.

O lorde, thou knowest, how sore I am enflamed with the loue of thy wisedome, whiche is my onely study and meditacion.

O how pleasant and swete thy wordes be to my herte: truely muche more then honie is to my mouthe.

Thy word is a bright candell to my feete, & a light to my waies.

Thy wisedom pleseth me more then thousandes of golde or of siluer can do.

I haue more pleasure and delectacion in the way of thy wisedome: then in great abundance

of treasure.

Wolde god my waies maie be so ordered, that I may lerne thy wisedome, and thy woordes.

Thy woorde geueth heate and inflameth: wherfore I greatly desire it.

O happie is he (lorde) whome thou instructest: and makest lerned in thy lawe.

His soule shall alwaye studie wisedome: And his tonge shall speake iudgement.

The lawe of god shalbe written in his hert: and he shall not be ouerthrowen as he goeth.

O lord, which art my god and my sauiour, here my prayer, and my tongue shal euer speake and set out thy mercies.

Geue me wisedome, whiche is assistent

assistent to thy throne: that I maie discerne betwene good and euill, and maie knowe thy holy mysteries.

Opē mine eies, that I may perceiue and behold the wonderfull thynges, whiche be in thy lawe.

Remembre thy worde nowe I call vpon the: for I haue put my hope in it, make me to knowe the waye of thy wisedome: and hyde not thy knowlage from me.

Order me accordyng to thy mercie, and disapoynt me not of that I loke for.

Teache me right wisedom and intelligence: for thy wisedom is all that I desire.

Put thy worde in my mouth: and fasten thy wisedome in my

herte.

Lette thy wisedome rule and guide my thoughtes: that they maie alwaies please the.

Thy wordes be wonderful and marueilous: wherfore my soule deliteth in them.

Thy wisedome is perfect: and thy knowlage is clere, and geueth light to the eies.

It is more amiable then golde and precious stones, it is farre swetter then the honie combe.

Thy wisedome is pure and vndefiled, & maketh soules strong, thy wordes be certaine and true, and geue vnderstandyng vnto the simple.

Whan shall he that erreth in his spirite, haue knowlage: and whan shall he that is ignorant haue

haue learnyng:

Whan wilte thou sende downe thy holye spyryte frome aboue: whan shall the blynde herte bee lightned with knowelage: when shall the tongue that stamereth, bemade eloquent:

I am lyke a babe without wisdome and dyscrecion: leate thy stronge hande (O lorde) be my healpe.

I knowe, that thou canste do all thynges: and no thynge is hard to the.

Thou arte greatte (O lorde) and canste not bee knowen, and thy wisedome is infinite.

I haue declared my cause beefore the: do with thy seruant accordyng to thy great mercy.

Loke towarde me, and haue mercy vpō me: that I may bring to passe that, whiche I beleue and thinke, maie be done by the.

Make the waie of thy wisedom knowen vnto me, and replenyshe my herte with the knowelage thereof.

Here my voyce (O lord) accordyng to thy mercie: intreate me accordyng to iudgement.

Geue glory vnto thy name (O lorde) for thou onely arte good and wyse: and there is none other sautour beside the.

Here me (O lord) for thy name sake: and withhold not thy mercy from me.

My lippes shal speake and set forth thy laud and praise: whan thou hast taught me thy wisdōe.

Then

Then I will declare thy mer-
uayles: that other also maie be
conuerted vnto the.
And maie blesse thy name for
euer, world without end. Amen.

¶ The syxt spalme.

A christian man praieth, that he
maie be heard of god.

O Lorde, heare my prayers:
and let my crye come to the.
Turne not away thy face from
me in the day of my tribulacion.
What daie soeuer I shall call
vpon the: here me (O lord god.)
For thou art great and wor-
kest wōders: thou only art god:
Also thy workes be great: thy
thoughtes be very profounde
and depe.

Bowe downe thine eare vnto me: and here me, for I am poore, and without healpe.

Haue mercie vpon me (O lord) for when trouble cometh, I flee vnto the for succour.

Make gladde the soule of thy seruaunt: For I haue lyfted vp my herte vnto the.

O lord thou art good and mercifull: and of muche mercie to al them that call vpon the.

Here my requeste and peticion: and graciously accepte my prayers.

O lorde god, in the I trust: let me not be confounded, I beseche the: Deliuer me in thy righ tuousnesse.

Herken vnto the voyce of my crye (O my kynge and my god) for

For I make my humble suite vnto the.

Here my voice, with whiche I call vpon the: haue mercie vpon me, and saue me.

My prayers be euer vnto the (O lorde god) if that the time of thy gracious pleasure shall come, when that accordyng to the multitude of thy mercie thou wilte here me in the trueth of thy health.

Haue regard vnto me (O lord) for thy mercie is swete, according to the multitude of thy mercies, loke vpon me.

Go not farre awaye from me (O my god) but make haste to helpe me.

Let my wordes be pleasant vnto the: & make that the thoughtes

tes and meditacion of my herte maie be acceptable afore the.

Turne not away thy face from thy seruaunt, for trouble riseth vp against me on euery syde: wherfore now succour me.

My hert desireth the, my soule seketh for the: I tary and loke whan I maie beholde thy face.

Turne not away thy face from me, caste not away thy seruaunt in a displeasure.

Thou hast alwayes helped me before this time: forsake me not nowe in my moste nede, O my lorde and my god.

To the I crye daily, go not away from me: and turne not the deffe eare vnto me.

Cause my prayer to entre into thy presence: and let my crye come

vnto

vnto the.

Here me (O lorde) for I lifte vppe my mynde vnto thy holie temple.

Helpe nowe in time of trouble, for vaine is the helpe of man.

I loke after thy helpe (O lord) and to thy iudgementes my will is conformable.

Loke vnto me, and take pitie vppon me: for I am poore and lefte alone.

O lorde god of hostes, if thou wilte, thou maiest helpe me: nothing can ouercome thy stregth.

My god, my god, leaue me not in these greeuous tribulations for thy great names sake.

O god, make hast to deliuer me, O lord make spede to helpe me.

Be contēted to deliuer me: for

in the I truſte (O lorde god.)

Beholde, I haue no helpe in my ſelfe: there is no man that regardeth my neceſſitie.

I am poore, and in miſerie, and greatte calamitie: and my ſtrengthe is gone from me.

Ariſe vp (O lord) and declare thy glorie vnto thy ſeruaunt.

Let ſaluacion and helth come to me from the: that all my enemies maie be aſhamed.

Thine arme is mightie and ſtronge: and when thou wilte, al thinges be obedient vnto the.

Heauen is thine, yea and the earth is thine: thou madeſt the worlde, and all that is therin.

Let thy mercie comforte me: which ſurely I deſire more than this life.

I ſticke

I ſtycke to thy teſtimonies (O lorde) leat me not bee confounded.

Out of the depe I haue called vnto the (O lorde:) lorde heare my voyce.

O leat thine eares marke wel the voyce of my complaint.

O lord, if thou imputest my ſinnes vnto me: howe maye I loke for thy grace and pardon?

But thy mercye excedethe all thynges: and thy trueth passeth the heauens.

Wherefore my ſoule hath loked to the: and to the maketh humble prayers.

O god, be not ſtyll, kepe not ſilence: but for thine owne ſake ſee that thy holy name bee not

dishonoured

dishonoured.

Extend out thy mercie to theim that calle vppon the, and thy ryghtuouseneſſe to theim that ſeke the.

I haue caſte my burdein vpon the, beare me vp: and leate me not alwayes bee in wauerynge, ſeing that I haue putte my truſt in the.

My ſoule cleaueth vnto the: make thy right hand to ſtrēgth me agaynſte the power of myne enemies.

Here me (O lorde) and delyuer me: incline thyne eares vnto my prayers, and ſaue me, for I am poore: O lorde, haue regarde vnto me.

Thou (O lorde god) arte my helpe and my ſauyour.

O god

O god, thy waie is holie and ryghtfull, what god is so great as thou (our god) art?

Thou doest meruailous thinges: thy name is the lorde: thou onely arte the hyghest vppon all the earthe.

Be nowe pacified toward thy seruant: and hide thy face from me no longer.

Be good vnto me (lorde) as thou arte full of goodnesse thy selfe, that I maie glorie in the all the daies of my life.

My lippes reioyce to synge prayse vnto the: and euen soo doth my soule, whiche thou hast redeemed.

My herte shall alwayes study thy ryghteousnesse, whan they shall be confounded, whiche seke

to do me harme.

I will runne all the waye of thy commaundementes: whan thou shalte dilate and enlarge my herte. Amen.

The seuenth spalme.

For an order and direccion of good liuyng.

TO the (O lorde) I lifte vp my minde.

In the I truste (O lorde god) let me not be confounded, lest my enemies make me their iestyng stocke, and a matter to laugh at.

O lord, make thy wayes knowen vnto me: and trade me in thy pathes.

Directe me in thy trueth, and instructe me: for thou arte god my

my saulour: I loke after the e-uery day.

O lorde, thou arte sweete and rightfull: and bringest againe into thy waye, theim that went out.

Thou leadest stryght in thy iudgement theim that be mylde and tractable: and techest theim that be meeke, thy woordes and testimonies.

Thou healest theim that be contrite in hert: and asswagest their peines and griefes.

Thou holdest vp al theim, whiche els shuld fall: and al that are fallen, thou liftest vp againe.

Thou geuest syghte to the blinde: and losest theim that be bounden.

Thou art nygh vnto all theim

that call vpon the: so that they call vppon the faythfully and hartily.

Thou fulfillest the desire of them that feare the: and hearest their prayer, and savest them.

Have mercie vpon me (O god) have mercie vpon me: for in the my soule trusteth.

Verily my soule hath a special respecte vnto the: for my helth, my glorie, and all my strength cometh from the.

For thine owne sake (O lorde god) laye not my synnes to my charge.

I vnderstande not all mine errours: innumerable troubles close me rounde about, my synnes have taken holde vpon me: and I am not able to loke vp.

Put to thy hande to helpe me: and leade me ryghte in all my worckes.

Make me to walke perfectly in thy wayes, that no kynde of synne ouercome me.

Set a watche before my mouthe: and keepe the doore of my lippes.

Let the wordes of my mouthe and the meditacion of my herte be euer pleasant and acceptable in thy sight.

Leat the woorde of trueth neuer go away from my mouthe: and suffre no malice to dwell in my herte.

O lord deliuer my soule from lyng lippes: and saue me from the deceitefull tongue.

Put into my mouthe thy true

and holy worde: and take clene from me all idell and vnfruitefull speche.

Delyuer me from false surmises, and accusacions of men: Rule me euen as thou thynkest good, after thy will and pleasure.

Tourne away myne eies, that they beholde no vaine thynges: fasten them in thy way.

Take from me fornicacion & all vncleannesse: and let not the loue of the flesshe beguile me.

Yea delyuer my soule from pryde, that it reigne not in me: and than shal I be cleane from the greatest synne.

Stay and kepe my feete from euery ill waye, leste my steppes swarue from thy pathes.

My

My eies loke euer vppe vnto the (O lorde) because thou arte nigh at hand: and all thy wayes be the trueth.

Thy mercies be great and manie (O lorde) blessed is he, who so euer trusteth in the.

For whan I sayde vnto the, my feete be slipped: Thy mercie (O lorde) by and by did holde me vp.

Teache me to do thy will, and leade me by thy pathe waye, for thou arte my god.

O lorde, saue my soule, and delyuer me from the power of darkenesse.

Let the bryghtnesse of thy face, shine vpon thy seruaunt, for vnto the (O lorde god) I haue fledde for succour.

Loke vnto me, and haue mer-
cie vppon me: for I am desolate
and poore.

Kepe my soule, and deliuer me,
that I be not confounded: for
I haue trusted in the.

O lord god, forsake me not: al-
though I haue doen no good in
thy sight.

For thy goodnesse graunt me,
that at the lest wise nowe I maie
begynne to liue well. Amen.

¶ The eyght spalme.

A Christen man prayeth, that
he maie be defended from
his ennemyes.

O God almightie, saue me
from mine ennemies: and
by thy stronge power defende
and

and kepe me.

Preserue my soule, for thou art holie: saue thy seruant, whiche trusteth in the.

For straungers do assaute me daily: and seke my soule to distroy it.

O god, helpe thou me: O lord, deliuer me from them that ryse vp against me.

Be ready (O god) to succour me: make haste to helpe me, O lorde.

Be thou my protectour and a place of strength: wherin I may safely be.

For thou arte my strength and my refuge: for thy name sake leade and guide me.

Take me (O god) out of the handes of mine enemies: & cast

me not away in the time of tri-
bulacion: whan all my mighte
is decayed and gone.

Healpe me (O lorde god) and
saue me for thy mercies sake.

Haue mercie vpon me (O lord)
the god of my health: and in thy
righteousnesse deliuer me,

From the veracion of theim
that persecute me: from the as-
saulte of myne ennemies: whi-
che compasse me about on eue-
ry syde.

Let theim be confounded and
brought to nought, whiche be
aduersaries vnto my soule: leat
theim be couered with shame &
rebuke, whiche seke my hurt.

Leat theim tourne backe with
rebuke and shame, whiche saie,
god hath forsaken him: leat vs

set

sette on hym and take hym: for there is none that shall deliuer hym.

Conioyne thy self (O god) vnto my soule: make it strong, and deliuer me from mine ennemies.

Distroy theim by thy power: and bring to noughte all their strength.

That they reioyce not and say amonge theim selues, we haue ouercome hym, and vtterly cast hym downe.

Saue me (o lord god) for in the haue I trusted: say to my soule, be not afraid, for I am with the.

It is in thy hande, what shall come of me, deliuer me frō mine enemies, for yet they ceasse not.

Their cruelty encreaseth daily more and more, and companies

of

of tyrauntes violently come on me, and they haue not the before their eies.

But thou (O lorde) arte gracious and mercifull, and suffrest long: and thy mercie and trueth be great.

Loke vnto me, and haue mercie vpon me: endue thy seruaunt with some of thy strength: for I cal vpon the, and ernestlie make my prayers in thy syght.

My ennemies reioyse, that I am fallen, and that my hert hath turned out of thy way.

But I trust in thy mercie, and my hert is comforted in hope to haue helpe & saluacio from the.

For thou art good and gracious, thy mercie endureth euer, and thy trueth continueth from

one

one generacion to an other.

Let al them reioyce in the, and be glad, whiche seke the: and let them whiche loue to haue saluacion of the, saie. Magnified be the lorde for euer. Amen.

The ninth spalme.

against ennemies.

O Lorde and behold, how many they be, which trouble me, how manie, which make rebellion against me.

They saie among them selues of my soule: there is no helpe of god for it to trust vpon.

O lorde god, in the I haue put my hope and trust: saue me from them, whiche doe persecute me, and deliuer me.

Lest

Lest peraduenture at one time or an other they take my life frō me: and there be none to deliuer me from them.

Haue pitie vpon me (O lorde) Loke vpon the affliccion, which I suffre of my enemies.

Forget not thy poore seruaunt, suffre not theim whiche be oppressed to loke for helpe alwaies in vaine.

Put theim to flight: disapoint them of their purposes: Cast thē downe hedling as their wickednesse hath deserued, for they are traitours & rebels against the.

Let their power be brought to nought: and their wickednesse light vpon their owne heades.

Leat the wicked synners returne into hell, and let them fall

and

and be taken in the pitte, whiche they haue digged.

I will truste in the (O lorde) whiche saueste theim, that in the put their confidence.

They sate, that thou forgettest thy seruauntes, and that thou hidest thy face, because thou wilt not see their trouble.

Their pride is to vs muche griefe and veracion: and they glorie and triumph in our trouble and aduersitie.

Howe long (O lorde) wilt thou stande afarre of, and hyde thy selfe in the tyme of tribulacion.

Howe longe shall the wicked dispise the: and say in their hert, that thou regardest nothyng.

Rise vp (O lorde) stretche out thy hande: forgette not theim, which

whiche be oppreſſed.

Bring downe the power of the wicked: that they maie periſhe togither with their wickednesse.

Let thy zeale ſodenly come vpon them: the firy thunderboltes and the ſpirite of the wherle wynde be portion of their parte.

Preuent me in the daie of my tribulacion: and deliuer me out of my diſtreſſes.

Haue mercie vppon me, for I am troubled on euery ſyde: and my ſtrength is decayed through mine iniquitie.

Mine ennemies ſpeake of me muche ſhame and rebuke: and they are holely bent to take my life from me.

The peynes of death compaſſe me rounde about: and the ſtud-

des

des of my sines trouble me sore.

The ropes of hel be tied round about me: and I am wrapped in the snares of death: and whithe waie so euer I go, I fynde stumblynge blockes, to ouerthrowe me.

Stande vp (O lorde) and punisshe this naughtie people, and delyuer me from my deceitfull enemies.

Here me in the daie of my trybulacion: Let thy mightie name defend me.

For thou arte my fortresse, and my glorie: and beareste vp my weakenes and infirmitie.

Saue me lorde, I beseche the, that mine enemies preuayle not against me.

Powre oute thy indignacion

vpon them: and let the wrath of thy fury vexe and trouble them.

Let them be confounded for euer: yea let them tremble and perisshe together.

Let thē fal into the depe pit: that neuer be able to rise vp agayne.

That thei may know thy name to bee the lorde of hoostes onely mightie and high worlde without ende. Amen.

¶ The tenth Psalme.

When the enemies be so cruell that he can not suffre them.

Haue mercie vppon me (O god) for mine ennemie treadeth me vnder his fete: he ceasseth not to assaulte me, and to do me muche grieue.

He

He alwais coueteth to ſwalowe me vp: a mani ther be that proudly brag and crake againſt me.

They gather them ſelues together in corners: they watche my ſteppes, how they maie take my ſoule in a trappe.

They be lyke vnto a lyon that is greedy of his praye, and lyke a yong lyon they priuely lye in wayte for me.

They do beſet my wayes, that I ſhoulde not eſcape: they loke and ſtare vpon me, to take me in their ſnare.

They haue prepared a net for my feete: they haue digged a deepe pit, that my ſoule myghte fall therin.

Make me ſtrong (O lorde god) by thy might and power: make

my way perfite before the.

Kepe my steppes continually in right pathes, lest perchaunce my feete begin to slyppe.

I am so vexed, that I am vtterly werie: healpe me against them that lie in waite for me.

Make thy mercie to be meruetlous in me: & delyuer my soule out of their handes.

Hide me from the company of the wicked, and from the rage of them that worke iniquitie.

Accordyng to thy great mercie quicken me, that now in my sorowe I be not brought vnder the power of mine ennemy, whyche rageth against me.

Send forth thy lyght and thy trueth, and they shall leade me vnto thy holy hill, and into thy

taber=

tabernacles.

Instructe and teache my handes to battaile: make my armes strong like a bowe of steele.

Girde me with strength to battaile: ouerthrowe them that arise against me.

Instruct me in the way, wherin I maie walke: prouide for me by thy ouersyght.

Cast downe mine enemies before my face: and distroy theim that hate me.

Lest mine ennemies ouercome me, and the companies of tyrantes ouerwhelme me.

Make my feete to be stedfast: and my pathes streight.

They reioyce and be glad of my fall and declinacion: they be assembled togither against me:

they ſtrike to kil me in the wale
before I may beware of theim:
They curſe and ban my wor-
des euerye daye: and all theyr
thoughtes be ſet to do me harm.
My life is as it wer in the mid-
des of fierſe lyons: whoſe tethe
be lyke vnto ſpeares: and their
tongue lyke a ſharpe ſwearde.
And who ſhall ſtand with me a
gainſt al theſe? or who ſhal ouer
come theſe workes of iniquitie?
They ſhall flee and runne a-
way (O lord) aſſone as thou re-
bukeſt them: frō the voice of thy
thunder they ſhal run hedlyng.
Which lokeſt vpon the earthe,
& it holely quaketh: which tou-
cheſt the hilles and they ſmoke.
Iugemēt proceedeth frō thy face
thine eies do approue equitie.

Kepe

Kepe me (O lorde) from myne aduersaries: and vnder the shadowe of thy wynges defend me.

Judge theim that hurt me: fyght agaynste theim that fight with me.

Let theim go backewarde and haue yll lucke, whiche persecute me: put them to shame, that will my hurte.

Make theim to be as duste in the wynde: and let thy aungell vexe and disquiet theim.

Let them vanyshe awaie lyke smoke: and as waxe meltethe with the heate of the fyre, so leat them perish (O lorde) from thy sight and presence.

Beate them downe, that they be not able to stand: neuer geue ouer, vntil thou haue vtterly di-

stroyed them.

Make their waies darke and slyppy: and let thine angel fiersly go vpon them.

And thou (O lorde god) haue mercy vpon me: send me healpe, and than I shalbe able to resiste them.

For I am weake and in sorow: geue thou me health and saluacion.

Let thy hand correcte and chastise me: but delyuer me not vnto mine enemies.

My soule is fylled with the scornyng and derision that mine ennempes haue at me: and with the dispitefullnesse of the proude.

My soule is cleane discouraged within me: it groneth & freteth

in

in it selfe agaynste me: yet wyll I truste in the: for that I shall eftsones geue the thãkes again for the helpe and saluacton that thou sendest me.

For thy very trueth now helpe me, O thou which art my helth, and the hope and comforte of all regions of the earth, and of the maine sea.

Whiche by thy power rulest from the beginnyng: thyne etes beholde all thynges.

What god is there but thou? who is so stronge as thou oure god?

In thy protection I wil trust: vntyll iniquitie bee passed and gone.

In the, I shalbe stronge and sure for euermore.

¶ The.xi. ſpalme.

Of confidence and truſt in god.

O Lord, whi he art my lyght and my helthe: of whome ſhall I be afrayd?

O lorde thou art the ſtrengthe of my lyfe: in the I wyll euer truſte.

For like as the herte (when he is chaſed) coueteth to the ryuers of water: euen ſo (O lorde) my ſoule deſyreth to bee with the.

My ſoule thyrſteth to be with the: for with the is the fountain of life and recreacion in aduerſitie.

Here in this worlde is labour, and peine: calamitie and miſerie.

myſerie.

We haue battaile daiely with enemies: we haue no reſt here ſo longe as we lyue.

But when ſoeuer we put oure truſt in thy helpe: then we ſhalbe ſure by thy pꝛotecciō: ſaiyng vnto the, Thou art our defendour, our refuge, and our god, and in the we truſte.

Thou ſhalte delyuer me from the ſnares of the hunters: and from the perylles of my perſecutours.

Thou ſhalt make a ſhadowe foꝛ me vnder thy ſhulders: & vnder thy winges I ſhalbe harmleſſe.

Thy trueth ſhalbe my ſhyelde and buckeler: and no euill ſhall appꝛoche nere vnto me.

And therefoꝛe if my ennemies

ſhal

ſhall warre agaynſte me, that they maie deuour me holely: yet I wyll not flee, nor tourne my backe.

Although neuer ſo ſtrong enemies ſhall pitche there tentes agaynſt me, my hert ſhal not be a frayde: if death ſodeinly come vpon me, in the, wyll I reſte without feare.

Thou ſhalte hyde me in thy tabernacle, in the time of aduerſitie: thou ſhalte hyde me in ſome ſecrete place of thy tente: thou ſhalte ſet me vppon a ſure rocke.

Thou ſhalte lifte me vp aboue my ennemies beſiegeyng me rounde aboute: and thou ſhalte delyuer me oute of theyr handes.

If I shal walke in the middes of tribulacion, thou shalte kepe me, and shalte stretche forthe thy hande agaynst myne ennemies: and thy ryght hand shall saue me.

O lorde, thou shalte doe and bring to passe al thinges for me: thy mercie endureth euer: thou wylte not dispise thy owne handy worke.

Thou shalte leade me oute of the nette, whiche mine ennemies haue spreade abrode to catche me in: thou shalte take me oute of their pit.

O how great be the good thinges, whiche thou layest vppe in store for theim that feare the: which also thou shewest to them that trust in the, euē in the sight

of

of the childzen of men.

Thou hidest them in the secret place of thy countenaunce from trouble of ennemies: and from their contencions.

O lozde, what a pzecious treasure is thy goodnesse? and men shall trust in thy pzotection.

They shall bee fylled with the plentyfulnesse of thy house: and thou shalt make them dzynke of thy riuer of deinties.

They shall dzynke with the of the fountaine of lyfe, and in thy lyght they shall se lyght.

Thy ryghtuousnesse is as the hyghest mountaynes: and thy iudgementes be lyke vnto the depe bottomles waters.

Thy mercie stretcheth vp to the heauens: and thy trueth ascendeth

cendeth vp to the same.

O lorde god, thou haste euer from age to age, ben our refuge and succour.

Before the foundacions of the earth were leide, without beginnyng and endyng thou art god. O my god, thou hast helped me euer from my youth: and vntill my olde age and last dayes forsake me not.

I wil acknowlage, that I haue all my strengthe of the, for thou arte my protection, my god, and my sauiour.

And therefore what tyme soeuer I shall be afrayed: I wyll trust in the.

what tyme soeuer I shall call vppon the: I knowe that thou arte my god.

Kepe

Kepe thy mercy for me alwais: and the couenant that thou hast made with me, lette it be surely perfourmed.

And if I haue swarued from thy lawe, and not walked in thy iudgementes,

If I haue broken thy statutes, and transgressed thy commaundementes:

Then with thy rodde vysyte myne offences: and with stripes correcte my trespasses.

But take not thy mercie awaie from me, nor let not thy promyse be void and of none effect.

Breake not the couenant that thou haste made with me, and chaunge not that which hath issued out of my mouth.

For in the (O god) our helthe and

and glorie dothe consiste, thou art our helper: in whom we do euer trust.

And this is certaine, that all they, whiche truste in the, shall not be confounded.

For who is he that hath trusted in the, and is confounded? or who hath called vpon the, & thou haste dispised him?

For thy name sake (O lorde) thou forgeuest our synnes, although they be manie and greuous.

Thou arte a sure stay to them that dread the: and shewest them thy testament.

And vnto the I crye (O lorde) & I beleue, that thou wilte saue me, for thy great mercies sake.

Thou shalte redeme my soule

in peace from the wrath, whiche is to come in the last day.

I will offre vp to the sacrifice of laude and praise: and I will rendre vp my vowes to the, whiche arte the highest.

The wicked watche and loke to distroye me: but I truste in thy mercie.

Thou arte my protectoure, and my buckeler: my god, my strength, my refuge, and delyuerer.

I tarye and looke for healpe from the (O lorde) blessed is the man that trusteth in the.

O lorde, what great pleasures thou haste prepared for me in heauen: that I shulde delite in no earthly thyng but in the?

My moste pleasure is to cleaue fast

fast vnto the: and in the to sette my hope and truste.

I committe my sprite into thy handes: deliuer me frome the powers of darckenesse of this worlde. Amen.

¶ The twelfthe spalme

If god differre to helpe long time.

O My god, my god, why forsakest thou me? why lokest not vpon my necessitie?

Shal thy mercie faile for euer? wilt thou neuer be pleased more?

Howe longe wilt thou be miscontented with me, O lord? wilt thou kendil thine angre throughly as it were fire?

Whan wilte thou haue any regarde to deliuer my soule? to delyuer my life frome distruc-

cion of ennemies?

Howe long shall I crye, and thou wilte not here? how longe shall I make exclamacion for verie peine, and thou wilte not saue me?

O lorde god of hooستes, howe longe wilte thou be angry with the prayers of thy seruant?

Come againe vnto me (O god my sauiour) and take awaye thine indignacion against me.

When thou arte tourned (O lorde) thou shalte restore all thynges agayne: and he that was in sadnesse before, shall take ioye and comforte of the.

Let thy hand be to helpe man whiche is thy handie woorke, whome thou haste exalted and magnified to setfurth thy glory.

Mine

Mine ennemies liue welthely and are strong: and they whiche hate me, encrease and go forwarde daily.

They dispaire & set at naught my counsayle, because I take god for my hope and comforte.

They saie to me daily, Thou trustest in god, let hym delyuer the, and saue the: if so be that he bere loue and fauour towardes the.

They leape at me as it were so many dogges: the companies of the wicked barke at me: they beset my handes and fete round about.

O lorde, go not farre awaye from me: thou art my strength, make spede to helpe me.

Deliuer my soule from death,

turne my way from the rage of dogges.

Kepe me out of the mouthe of lions: and saue me frome the deepe lake.

Thou arte bothe holie and strong, and no man is able to resyste the, when thy angre is great and feruent.

Who shall not feare the (O lorde?) or whiche of all princes shall not obey the?

The earth trembleth and quaketh for feare of thyne angre: and the people shall not be able to abide thy threatenyng.

Helpe me, O lorde god my sauiour: and for the glorie of thy name deliuer me: and forgeue my trespasses.

For I do vtter and expresse mine

mine iniquitie vnto the: and my synne greeueth me verie sore.

Arise vp (O lorde) and helpe me: and deliuer me for thy mercies sake.

O God, my refuge, and my strengthe, whiche haste been euer a greatte helpe in tribulacion.

Thou diddest receiue me into thy tuicion, whan I came out of my mothers wombe, and thou waste my healper, whan I sucked my mothers breastes.

I was lefte to the as soone as I was borne, euen from my mothers wombe, thou arte my God.

withdraw we not thy selfe farre away from me: for tribulacion

is nere at hande, and there is none that can helpe me.

Mine ennemies compasse me rounde about: my persecutours besiege me on euery syde.

And I am feeble and weake and sore broken: the peine of my herte maketh me to grone and syghe.

I am as the water that is cast forth: my strength is gone and vtterly dried vp, as it were a tile stone.

Haue mercie vpon me (O lord) haue mercie vppon me: and impute not my synnes vnto me, whiche I haue done by foly.

Remembre not my synnes passed, let thy mercies preuent them for I am in a meruellous wretched case.

I am

I am wekened and cleane out wo̱zne: and go mournyng eue=ry day.

And nowe (O lo̱zd) what loke I after: verily my ſoule loketh to the fo̱z helpe.

Shewe nowe and declare thy goodneſſe to me, and withholde not thy helpe from me.

My ſoule is repleniſſhed with troubles and aduerſities, and dra̱weth nere vnto dethes do̱ze.

I am in great pouertie and nede, and my herte is ſo̱ze trou=bled within me.

Caſt me not away in the time of my moſte neceſſitie: and now whan my ſtrength fayleth me, faile not thou me, O lo̱zde.

Deliuer me from mine enne=mies: and make me not a moc=

kyngstocke to theim, that teste and raile vpon me.

Saue me from these rayng lions redy to deuoure, and from the handes of theim that wolde haue my life from me.

I do crye to the (O lorde) for thou arte my hope, and my porcion in the lande of liuers.

Bring my soule out of prison, & set my feete in a place, where I maie walke at libertie.

Turne not thy face away from me, lest I be made lyke vnto theim that discende into the pit.

Geue eare vnto my prayers, for I am punished and brought very lowe.

Deliuer me from my persecutours: for they be muche stronger then I.

O lorde

O lord, here me spedily: lest my spirite faile within me.

Deliuer my soule out of trouble, and in thy mercie distroy all mine ennemies.

And make them to perish, whiche wolde distroy me: for I am thy seruaunt. Amen.

¶ The thirtenth spalme.

In whiche he giueth thankes to god that his enemies haue not gotten the ouerhande of hym.

I will magnifie and preyse the (O lorde god) for thou haste exalted me and sette me vp: and my ennemies haue not gotten the ouerhand of me.

O lorde of hostes, I haue cried vnto the: & thou hast saued me.

Thou

Thou haſte brought my ſoule out of hell: thou haſt holden me vp frome fallyng into the deepe lake, frome whenſe no man retourneth.

Thou haſt not cloſed me vp in the handes of myne ennemyes: but thou haſte ſet my feete in a place both wyde and brode.

I haue ſoughte the, & thou haſt herde me: thou haſt brought me into libertie out of gret diſtres.

Thou haſt turned my ſorowe into gladneſſe: thou haſt ceaſſed my mournyng, and compaſſed me round about with mirth.

Thou haſt declared thy great magnificence in healpynge thy ſeruaunt.

Thou haſte dooen mercifully with me in my miſeries.

Thou

Thou haſt regarded the peine of the poore: thou haſt not turned away thy face from me.

I will euer be ſinging and ſpekyng of thy mercies: and I will publiſhe to other thy fidelitie & trueth ſo long as I ſhall liue.

My mouth ſhall neuer ceſſe to ſpeke of thy ryghteouſneſſe, & of thy benefites: whiche be ſo many, that I can not numbre them.

But I will geue the thankes till death take me away: I will ſyng in the praiſe of the, ſo long as I ſhall continue.

I will triumphe and reioyſe in thy mercie, for ỹ thou haſt loked vpon my neceſſities, & regarded my ſoule in my greatte diſtreſſe.

Thou haſt ben my ſure refuge, and the ſtrengthe of my truſte

and

and hope.

I thanke the lord for thy goodnesse alway: and for thy exceding mercie.

Thou hast been my comfort in the tyme of my trouble, thou haste ben mercifull vnto me (O lorde) and haste reuenged the wronges, that myne ennemies haue done to me.

Accoʒding to the multitude of the heauy thoughtes that I had in my minde, thy comfortes haue chired and lightned my hert.

Thou hast sent me now ioy for the dayes wherin I was in sorowe: & for the yeres in whom I suffred many a peinefull stoʒme.

Thou haste called to remembrance the rebuke that thy seruant hath ben put to: and howe furiously

furiously myne ennemies haue persecuted me.

O lorde god of hooſtes, who maie be cõpared vnto the? thou art great & greatly to be preiſed.

Thou arte high vppon all the earth, thou arte exalted farre aboue all goddes.

Glorie and honour before thy face: holineſſe and magnificence in thy ſanctuarie.

With iuſtice and iudgement thy royall throne is ſtabliſſhed: mercie and trueth go before thy face.

Bleſſed art thou (O lorde) whi che haſte not holden backe thy mercie from thy ſeruaunt.

After that I had longe loked for the (O lord) at the laſt thou diddeſt attende vnto me, and hear-

hardest my crye.

Thou hast taken me out of the lake of misserie: and set my feete vppon a rocke, and made my steppes sure.

Thou haste geuen me my desire: I haue seen thy ioyefull countenaunce.

Thou haste striken all my aduersaries, and hast abated their strength.

Thou hast rebuked the rablement of theim that vexed me: and haste plucked me furthe of their handes.

Thou haste caste theim headlynge into their owne pitte: their feete be wrapped in the nette, whiche they laide priuily for me.

Mine ennemies are reculed backe

backe: they ar fallen down and distroied from thy sight.

Thou hast been the poze mans defence, and his helper in tribulacion, whan most nede was.

Thou haste done iudgemente foz me: thou haste defended my cause against my accusars.

And although thou were very angry with me a lyttell whyle: yet nowe I lyue thozoughe thy mercy and goodnes.

Uerylie I supposed with my selfe, that I was cleane caste away out of thy fauour.

But thou hast heard my pzaiers: and accozdyng to thy great mercy haste taken me againe into thy fauour.

O lozd, of thine owne mind and wyll thou hast geuen strengthe

vnto my ſoule: but when thou hydeſte thy face frome me (O lorde) howe greatly was I aſtonied?

When I was in aduerſitie, then I cryed vnto the: and thou dyddeſt aunſwere me: when my ſoule was in greate anguyſſhe and trouble, then (O lorde) I did remembre the.

I haue taſted and ſene howe ſwete thou arte: truely bleſſed is that man that truſteth in the.

Accordyng to thy name, ſo is thy commendacion and prayſe: but thy counſayles touchyng vs be without exaumple, and greater then can with woordes be expreſſed.

Dominion, power, and glory be thyne: for thou haſt made all thyn-

thynges: and because thy wyll is so: thei do stil continue.

Thy name be blessed, praysed, and magnified, bothe nowe and euer and worlde without ende.

AMEN

¶ The fourtene spalme.

In whiche the goodnes of god is prayfed.

O LORDE our gouernour, how wonderfull is thy maiestie thorough oute the whole worlde: whiche hast set thy glory aboue all the heauens.

What is man that thou magnifyest hym so greatly: or the sonne of man that thou doest visite him:

O lorde, thou arte great and

muche to be prayſed in thy holy hyll.

Prayſe be vnto the (O lorde god) let our vowes made to the, be alwaies perfourmed.

Confeſſion and magnificence are thy worke: and thy righteouſenes cõtinueth for euermore.

Thou haſt done many thynges (O lorde god) both meruailous and great: and ther is none that can be lyke vnto the in thy workes.

Thy wayes be iuſte and true, who wyll not feare and dreade the, and magnifie thy name?

I thanke the (O lorde god) with all my hearte: and I wyll halowe thy name for euer.

O lorde, thou art my ſtrength and my prayſe: Thou haſte brought

brought downe myne enemies, whiche arte a iudge euen from the beginnyng.

Thy righte hande is exceding stronge: thy ryghte hand worketh many great actes.

Thyne arme is myghtie and stronge, and because it hath pleased the, thou haste strengthened mine infirmitie.

I wyll prayse thy greatte and dreadefulle name: for it is holy.

Althoughe I haue fallen, yet I am not crusshede in pieces: for thou hast susteined my hand.

I haue opened and shewed my way vnto the: and in the I haue trusted, and thou at lengthe hast accomplisshed my desyres.

Thou haſt broken the heades of myne enemies, and haſt made them to ſtoupe: whyche walked proudely in their ſinnes.

Thou haſte dominion ouer their power, and whan they be exalted and ſette alofte in their wayes, thou abateſte theyr courage, and dyſtroyeſt theim with thy myghtie arme.

In thy name I wyll euer reioyſe, and in thy mercie is all my glorie.

Thou loueſt righteouſneſſe and iudgemente: the earth is replenyſhed with thy mercy.

Thy eye loketh fauourably vpon theym that dreade the, and truſt in thy mercie.

There ſhall no good thyng be lacking to theim that ſeeke the,

and

and they that feare the, shall not be helpelesse.

For thou dost order their wayes, and hearest them whan they crye vnto the.

That thou mayst deliuer their soules from death: & swage their peines whan thei be greued.

For thou helpest theym, whose hertes be broken with sorowe: and beareſt vppe with thy hande theym that be contryte in spyrite.

Thou saueſt the soules of thy seruauntes, and all they that trust in the, shal not be distroied.

Wherfore my tonge shal sing thy prayse (O lorde god) I wyll alwaies magnifie the.

I wyll loue the (O lorde) whiche arte my strengthe, my staye,

my myght, my ſauiour, and my refuge.

My god, my defender, and my buckeler, the ſtrength of my ſaluacion, and my ſuppoꝛter.

After that I had ꝯalled vppon the with due laude and pꝛayſe, thou haſte ſaued me from myne enemies.

When I was in trouble I called vpon the, thou haſt hard my voyce oute of thy holy temple, and my crye hath entred vp into thine eares.

Thou haſt ſaued me from mine aduerſaries, that roſe vp againſt me: thou haſt delyuered me from wicked enemies.

Thou haſt taken me from the company of euill men, and mine eye hath ſene vpō mine enemies

the

the thynges that I desyred.

And therfore if it shuld fortune me to passe thorough the darke vale of death: I wyll go without feare: for thou wilte be with me, thy rod and thy staffe shall comfort me.

Thou shalte deliuer me from tribulacion: thou shalt kepe me from them which seke to destroy me.

Mine eyes be vppon the (O lorde) for thou shalte bryng my fete fourth of the snare.

Unto the (O lorde god) I wil performe my vowes, I wyll geue the thankes both now and euermore, and worlde withoute ende. Amen.

¶ The fiftenth ſpalme,

Of the benefites of god, with thankes for the ſame.

My ſowle prayeſeth the (O lorde) and all that is within me prayſeth thy holy name.

My ſowle geueth the humble thanckes, and thy benefyttes I wyll neuer forget.

Whiche forgeueſt al my ſinnes: and healeſt all my infirmities.

Whiche haſte ſaued my lyfe from deſtruccion: and ſhewed in me thy grace and mercie.

Whiche haſte ſatisfied my deſire with good thynges, and ſhalte ones reſtore my youthe agayne.

Thou haſt entreated me mercyfully at all tymes, and haſt reuenged me of mine ennemies.

Thou

Thou haſte been a defence to me (O lord) and a ſure founda-cion of my wealthe.

Thou haſte guyded me with thy counſayle, and taken me to the, through thy mercie.

Thou haſt many wayes de-clared in me thy greate myghte and power, and after thyne an-gre hath been paſte, thou haſte turned again and comforted me.

Thou haſt ſent me many gre-uous troubles, but at the length thou haſt brought me out of the bottomles depeneſſe.

Thou haſt made me prone to thy wayes, and haſt not hyd thy counſailes from me.

Thou art full of mercie and grace (O lorde) ſlowe to wrath, and ready to goodnes.

Thy

Thy displeasure lastethe not alwaie, & thou kepeste not backe thy mercyes in thyne angre for euer.

Thou rewardest vs not accordyng to our synnes, nor punyshest vs accordynge to oure desertes.

Loke howe hye the heauen is in comparyson of the earthe: so great is thy mercy towardes vs.

Howe farre as the easte is distant from the weast: so farre (O lorde) remoue oure synnes from vs.

Lyke as a naturall father hath pitie vpon his chyldrene: euen so (O lorde god) thou haste had compassion vpon vs.

Thou hast not forgotten thy creature: thou remembrest that

we

we ar fleshe, yea all men liuyng.

And that thage of men is lyke vnto grasse, and may be compared to the flowres in the fielde:

Whiche as sone as the sharpe wynde hath blowen vpon them with his blastes, wyther awaie and dye, so that no man can tell where they did growe.

But thy mercy (O lorde) and thy louyng kyndnesse is alwais vpon them that feare the: & thy righteousnes endureth euer.

So that we kepe our promyse and couenaunt with the: and so remembre thy commaundementes, that we do them in dede.

O lorde, thou haste stablyshed thy throne in heauen: and thou gouerneste all thynges by thyne imperiall power.

I wyll magnifie the (O god) and prayse thy name worlde with out end.

I wyll geue the thankes alwaie, and make thy name glorious for euer.

O lorde, thou art puissant and great: and thy magnificence is vnsercheable.

One generacion shall shewe to an nother thy woorkes, and thei shall declare thine auncient noble actes.

They shall euer praise the magnificence of the glory of thy holines, & the memorie of thy great goodnes.

For thou art good and gracious to all men, and thy mercie exceedeth all thy woorkes.

The eies of all men beholde

and

and wayte vpon the: that thou shouldest geue theim their sustenaunce in tyme conuenient.

Thou openest thine hand, and fillest euery liuing creature with fode necessary.

O lorde, thou art ryghtful in all thy waies, and holy in all thy dedes.

Thou kepest all theym, that loue the, and the torment of malice shall not touche them.

My mouthe shall speake thy glory and praise, and all lyuyng creatures shall honour thy holy name for euer.

Prayse the lorde O ye his aungels, myghtie in power, whiche do his commaundementes, and obey the voice of his worde.

Prayse ye all to gyther god,

O ye, all his hoostes, you his ministers, that do his wyll and pleasure.

Prayse the lorde as I do, and let vs magnifie his name together.

Prayse the lorde, O ye, al his saynctes, for his name is glorioufe, and his prayfe goeth aboue bothe heauen and earth.

Prayse the lorde together, O ye, all his workes, euery thyng that liueth, prayse the LORDE.

AMEN.

FINIS. XV. SPALMORVM.

The

The. xxi. ſpalme of Dauid.

The complaint of Chriſt on the Croſſe.

MY GOD MY god, why haſte thou forſaken me? it ſemeth that I ſhall not obteyne deliueraunce, though I ſeke for it with loude cries.

My god, I will crye all the day long, but thou wilt not anſwere: and all the night longe, without takyng any reſt.

The meane tyme thou moſte holieſt, ſemeſt to ſitte ſtill, not caryng for the thynges that I ſuffre: whiche ſo oft haſte helped me heretofore, and haſt geuen

to thy people Israell, sufficient argument and matier to prayse the with songes, wherwith they haue geuen thankes to, the for thy benefites.

Our forefathers were wonte to put their trust in the: and as often as they did so, thou didest deliuer them.

As ofte as they cryed for helpe to the, they were deliuered: as ofte as they committed theim selfe to the, they were not put to any shame.

But as for me, I seeme rather to be a worme than a man: the dongehill of Adam: the outcast of the vulgar people.

As manie as haue seene me: haue laughed me to scorne, and reuiled me, and shakyng their

heades

heades in derision at me: haue cast me in the tethe saiyng:

He is wonte to boste and glorie, that he is in greatte fauoure with god: wherefore lette god nowe deliuer him, if he loue him so well.

By thy procurement (O lord) I came oute of my mothers wombe: and thou gauest me good comforte: euen whan I sucked my mothers breastes.

Thorough thy meanes I came into this worlde: and assoone as I was borne, I was lefte to thy tuicion: yea thou wast my god, whan I was yet in my mothers wombe.

Wherefore go not farre awaye frome me: For daungier is

euen nowe at hande, and I see no man that will helpe me.

Many buls haue closed me in, both strong and fatte, they haue compassed me rounde about.

They haue opened their mouthe against me, like vnto a lion that gapeth vpon his praye, and rozeth foz hunger.

I am powzed out like water, and all my limmes loosed one from the other, and my herte is melted withyn me, as it were waxe.

All my strength is gone and dzied vp like vnto a tile stone, my tonge cleaueth to the roofe of my mouth: and at the last I shall be buried in the earth as the deade be wonte.

Foz dogges haue compassed me

me rounde about: and the moste wicked haue conspired against me, they haue made holes thorough my handes and my feete.

I was so vntentilly entreated of theim, that I might easilie numbre all my bones: and after all the peyne and torment that they did to me, with greeuous countenaunce they stared and loked vpon me.

They deuided my clothes emonge theim, and caste lot for my cote.

Wherfore lorde, I beseche the, go not farre from me: but for as muche as thou arte my power and my strength, make haste to helpe me.

Deliuer my soule from daungier of the swerde, and kepe my

life destitute of all mans helpe, from the violence of the dogge.

Saue me from the mouthe of the lion, and take me from the hornes of the vnicornes.

I will shew vnto my bretherne the maiestie of thy name: and whan the people is most assembled togither, I will preise and set furth thy moste worthy actes and deedes.

All that worship the lord, preise hym, all the posteritie of Jacob magnifie hym, all ye that be of the stocke of Israell, with reuerence serue and honour hym.

For he hathe not dispised and set at nought the poore man, because of his miserie: nor he hath not disdainfully tourned away his face from hym: but rather as

as soone as the poore man cried vnto him for helpe, he heard him by and by.

I will preise the with my songes openlie in a multitude of people, and I will perfourme my vowes in the syght of them that honour the.

The poore shall eate and be satisfied: they shall preyse the lorde, that studie to please hym: and as manie of you as continue still sache, your hertes shall liue.

All the endes of the worlde shall consider these thinges and be tourned to the lorde: and all heathen nacions shall submitte them selfe, and do homage vnto the.

For the lorde hathe a power royall, and an imperiall dominion ouer the heathen.

The most mightie and greatest of all theim that dwelle on the earthe haue eaten, and after that they haue tasted the spirituall giftes of the lorde, they haue submitted them selfe, and made humble suite vnto hym: yea and all the deade, whiche are buried in the earthe, shall knele and make reuerence in his honoure: because he hath not disdayned to spende his owne life for theim.

They that shal come after vs, shall honoure and serue hym:

These thinges shalbe written of the lorde, that our posteritie may know & vnderstand theim.

That

That they also maie come and shewe these thynges to the people that shall be borne of them, that the lorde hathe done these thynges, whiche be so marvailous.

A spalme of thankes gyuyng.

Iubilate deo omnis terra.

REIOYCE and syng in the honoure of the lord, all ye that liue on earth,

worshyp and serue the lorde with gladnesse, come into his syght and presence with ioy and mirth.

Acknowlage you, and confesse, that the lorde is that god, whiche hath created and made

for truely we made not our selfe, but we be his people and his flocke, whiche he nourisheth and feedeth continually.

Entre ye through his gates to geue him thankes for the innumerable benefittes, whiche ye haue receyued of hym: and to syng thorough his courtes his worthy actes and deedes: praise hym, and highly commende his name.

For the lorde is bothe good and gracious, and his mercie is infinite: he is mooste constant in keping of his promisses, not to one generacion onely, but euen to all.

A praier

A prayer for the kyng.

O Lorde Jesu Christe, moste high, moste mightie, kyng of kynges, lorde of lordes, the onely rular of princis, the very sonne of god, on whose ryghte hand sytting, doest from thy throne beholde all the dwellers vpon earth: with mooste lowly hertes we besechethe, vouchesafe with fauourable regarde to behold our moste gracious soueraygne lorde kynge Henry the eyght, and so replenysche hym with the grace of thy holy spirite, that he alway incline to thy will, and walke in thy way. Kepe hym farre of from ignorannce, but throughthy gifte, leat prudence and knowlage alwaye abound

bound in his royall hert. So in-
ſtructe hym (O LORD IESV)
reygnyng vpon vs in erth, that
his humaine mateſtie, alway o-
bey thy diuyne mateſtie in feare
and dzede. Indue him plentiful-
ly with heuenly giftes. Graunt
him in health and welth long to
liue. Heape glozie and honoure
vpon hym. Glad hym with the
ioye of thy countenaunce. So
ſtrength hym, that he maie
vanquiſh and ouercome
all his and our foes,
and be dzede and
feared of al the
ennemies of
his realme.

AMEN.

A prayer for men to saie entryng into battaile.

O ALMIGHTY kyng and lorde of hostes, whiche by thy angels, therevnto appointed, doest ministre bothe warre and peace: and whiche diddest geue vnto Dauid both courage and strengthe, beyng but a litle one, vnarmed, and vnexpert in feates of warre, with his slinge to set vpon, and ouerthrowe the great huge Goliath: our cause nowe being iuste, and being inforced to entre into warre and battaile, we mooste humbly beseche the (O lord god of hostes) so to turne the hertes of our ennemies to the desire of peace, that

that no chriſten bloud be ſpilte: ozels graunt (O lozd) that with ſmalle effuſion of bloud, and to the litle hurt and domage of innocentes, we mate to thy glozie opteyne victozie: and that the warres beyng ſoone ended, we mate all with one herte and mind, knit togither in concozde and vnitie, laude and pzaiſe the, which liueſt and reigneſt wozlde without ende.

AMEN.

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